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THE KENDALL FIRST READER



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THE KENDALL SERIES OF READERS

FIRST READER

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A WORD TO THE TEACHER

THE Kendall First Reader continues the story begun in the Primer by relating the further adventures of Bob and Betty, John and Jean. Bob and Betty however have moved to Boston; so we see little of them and much of John and Jean.

John and Jean are a little older than before. They, as well as the children who study about them, are now able to read stories, and the literature of the book comes through them to the little reader. There is an added pleasure in reading a story which Jean has told, or in memorizing a poem which she and John learned in school.

The First Reader divides into four parts in accordance with the four seasons. We see the children in autumn, then in winter, then in the spring, and last of all in the summer — thus rounding out a full year of activity which parallels a year of school.

Midway through the book a letter comes from Bob. In it he says that he and Betty are to spend Christmas with John and Jean. We see them traveling in the

train. The frontispiece pictures the friendly meeting. Then come good times in the snow, and a Christmas frolic in which fathers, mothers, and children join. So we have the First Reader closely linked to the Primer, and the child in passing from one book to another will rejoice to meet again the familiar faces of his little Primer friends.

As has been intimated above, the literature of the book is part of the fabric of the story. Poems, folk lore, and fables are so woven into the tale that many standard literary classics of the six year old are made an integral part of the experiences of John and Jean.

This Reader, which follows the Kendall Primer, should be used during the last half of the first school year or in rare cases at the beginning of the second.

Detailed helps in the presentation of the book, and the necessary phonetic material, may be found in the Manual "Teaching How to Read," which accompanies the Primer and early readers of the Kendall series.

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The authors are indebted to Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to use Frank Dempster Sherman's "Leaves at Play," and to Miss Kate Louise Brown for her poem "The Plant."

THE FIRST READER



Frontispiece

BOB AND BETTY VISIT JOHN AND JEAN



Here I am with my book.

Do you know me, boys and girls?

I am Jean. I am a big girl.

I am six years old. I go to school.

I like to go to school.

I can read and write.

This is my book.

I can read in this book.

Can you read in your book?



Do you know me? Who am I?

I am John. I am a big boy.

I am seven years old.

Jean is only six years old.

I am Jean's big brother.

Jean is my little sister.

I can read and write.

My sister can write, too.

Can you read and write?

SOME THINGS TO ANSWER

Do you go to school?

Do you like to go to school?

What do you do in school?

What do you like to do best?

What do you sing in school?

What do you read?

Can you read "Little Boy Blue"?

What can you write?

Can you write your name?

CAN YOU GUESS THIS RIDDLE?

The outside is a shell,
The inside is meat,
It grows on a tree,
And is good to eat.



(A nut.)



This is John's dog.

His name is Tyke.

Tyke is black and
white, and he
has bright eyes.

He is not a big dog.

Tyke is just a little dog.

He can run very fast.

He likes to run with John.

John likes to play with Tyke.

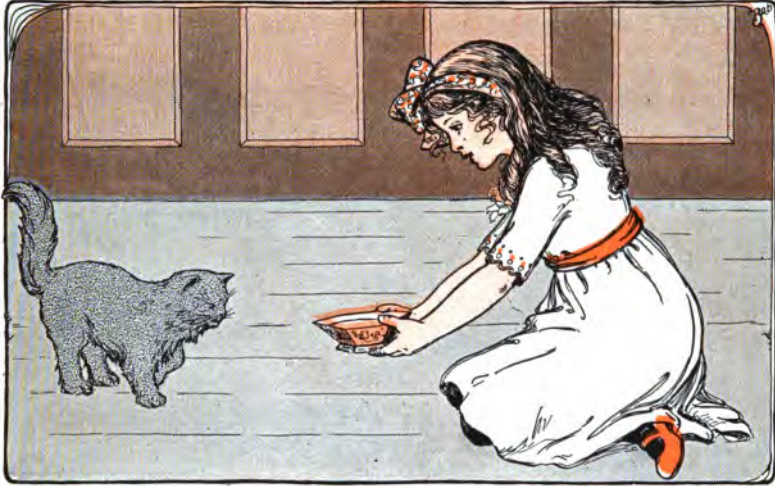
They like to run and play.

Tyke can sit up.

He will sit up for John.

He sits up and looks at John.

He says, "Bow-wow! See me now."



Here is my gray kitty.
She likes to run and play.
She plays with a ball.
Tyke likes to play with her.
Kitty runs from Tyke.
She runs up a tree.
I love my gray kitty.
Come kitty, kitty, kitty!
Here is some milk for you.

Kitty has such soft, warm fur!
She has round, blue eyes.
They are such pretty eyes!
Kitty sings to me.
She sings, "Purr, purr."
I like to sing to kitty.
I sing, "I love little Pussy."
Then kitty sings, "Purr, purr."
Come kitty, kitty, kitty!
Here is some milk for you.
You know you like milk.
Now go to sleep, my little, gray kitty.



What did you read about John?

What did you read about Jean?

What is the name of John's dog?

What does Jean call her cat?

John and Jean can read and write.

John and Jean have two friends.

Their names are Bob and Betty.

Bob has a big dog named Rab.

Betty has a pretty cat named Tab.

Bob and Betty go to school, too.

Bob and Betty have gone away.

Bob and Betty live in Boston now.

They write to John and Jean.

Some day Bob and Betty will come
to see John and Jean.

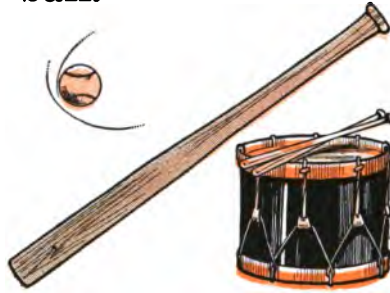
JOHN'S TOYS

Here are some of John's toys.

See his ball, his bat, and his drum.

John likes to play ball.

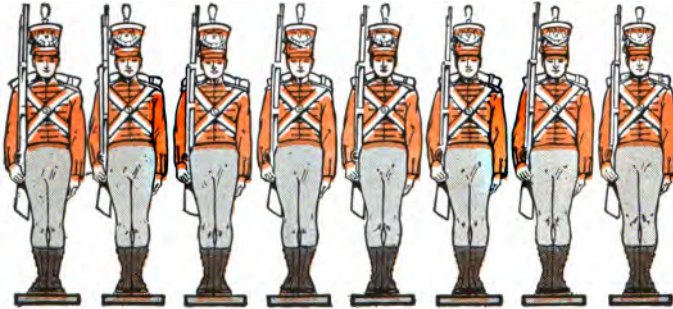
John can play,
 "Rub-a-dub-dub,
 rub-a-dub-dub,
 rub-a-dub-dub."

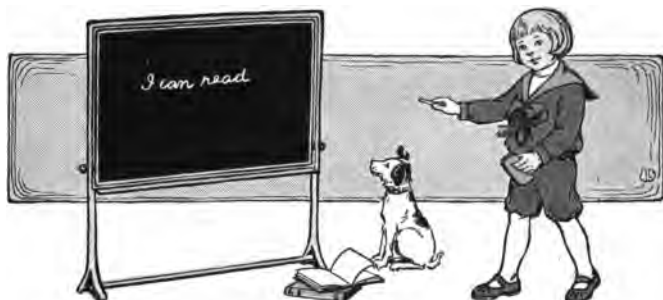


Here are John's marbles.

They are in a bag.

John likes his tin soldiers best of all.





This is John's new blackboard.

What can you read there?



This is John's train of cars.

John and Jean play they go to see
Bob and Betty in the train.

GUESS THIS RIDDLE

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ,
Now they stand still.

(The teeth.)

JEAN'S TOYS

Here are Jean's toys.

This is her hoop.

The hoop can roll.

Jean likes to roll

her hoop.

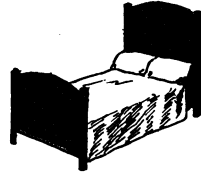


This is Jean's new doll.

The doll can go to sleep.

This is the doll's bed.

John made the doll's bed.



Do you see this house?

It is Jean's doll house.

Jean likes to jump the rope.

This is her jumping rope.

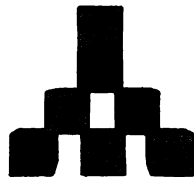
Can you jump with a rope?



These are Jean's blocks.

They are A, B, C blocks.

Can you say your A, B, C's?



What toys have you?

Have you toys like John's and Jean's?

SOME THINGS TO DO

Put the ball by the bat.

Put the bat on the chair.

Roll the ball to a girl.

Take the ball from the girl.

Give the ball to a boy.

Get the drum from the box.

Play, "Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub."

Take eight marbles from the box.

Hold up four marbles.

Put down two marbles.

Put all the marbles in the box.

Walk to the train of cars.

Make the train of cars go.

Get your letter box.

Take r, t, a, n, i, from your box.

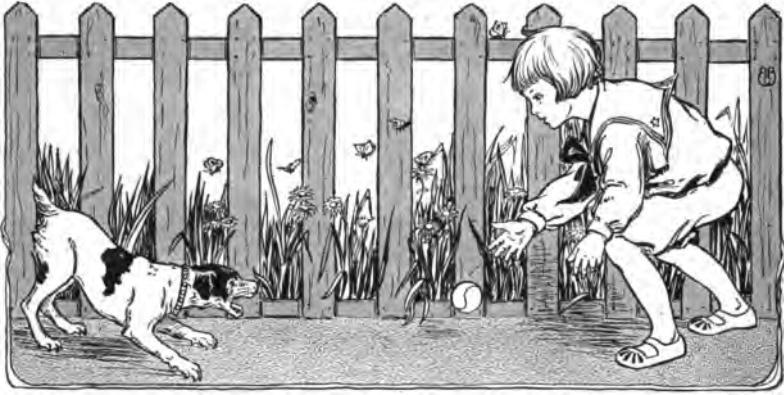
Make the word "train" with the letters.

What other words can you make?

GUESS THIS RIDDLE

Higher than a house,
higher than a tree, —
Oh, whatever can that be?

(*A star.*)



Here is John with his ball.

He and Tyke are playing ball.

John likes to play ball with Tyke.

John can catch the ball.

Tyke can catch it, too.

John rolls the ball to Tyke.

Tyke takes the ball to John.

See! John is rolling the ball to Tyke.

Run! Tyke! Get the ball.

Good dog! Take the ball to John.

Here is Jean with her hoop.

Jean can roll the hoop very fast.

The hoop has bells on it.

The bells tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

See Baby try to catch the hoop!

Baby can not catch it.

The hoop rolls away from Baby.

Look, Baby! See the hoop roll!

Hear the bells, Baby!

The bells say, "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle."



MORE THINGS TO DO

Go to the blackboard.

Write your name on the blackboard.

Now read your name.

Get the hoop with the bells.

Put the hoop by the blackboard.

Find the doll with blue eyes.

Put the doll in the bed.

Get the jumping rope from the box.

Jump the rope five times.

Count when you jump.

Go to the a, b, c blocks.

Find t and a and c.

Spell something with t, a, c.

Put the blocks in the box.



Jean's mother is sewing.

She is making a new dress for Jean.

Jean is sewing, too. She likes to sew.

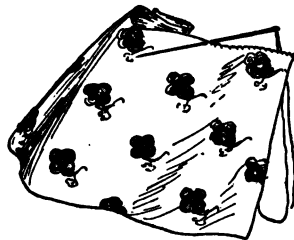
She is making a dress for her doll.

Mother cut out the dress for Jean.

She gave Jean a needle and thread.
She gave her a little thimble
from the workbox.
She gave her a pair of scissors, too.
Put on the thimble, Jean!
Work hard with the needle and
thread.
Cut off the thread with the scissors.
Soon the doll's dress will be done.

GUESS THIS RIDDLE

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail
which she let fly.
Every time she went
over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail
in the trap.



(A needle and thread.)



THE NEW SWING

FATHER: Come, John and Jean!

Come out under the tree.

See what I have made for you!

JOHN: Oh, Father, what a fine swing
you have made for us!
Look, Jean! See our new swing.

FATHER: I am glad you like it.
Get in, John, and try it.

JEAN: May I get in, too, Father?

FATHER: Yes, Jean. The swing is strong.
Now hold tight!
I shall run under you.
There you go!

JOHN: Hurrah! Here we go!

JEAN: Oh, we are going high, John,
high, high, high!
Up, up, up, we go
to the blue, blue sky!

JOHN: I like our new swing.



This man is John's father.

The horse is Billy.

Billy is a good old horse.

He is a fine black horse.

Where do you see John?

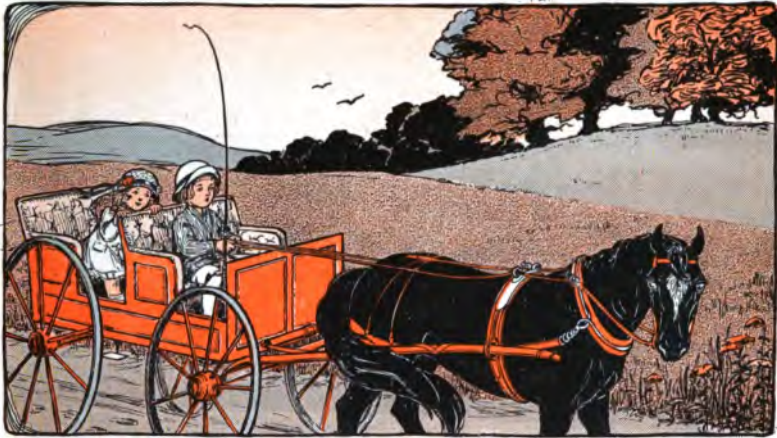
John likes to ride on Billy.

Billy will not go too fast with John.

John will not fall off.

Did you ever ride on a horse?

Did you ever play horse?



Where do you think we are going?
We are going to the woods.
Father and Mother are going with us.
It is the autumn time now.
The nuts are ripe in the woods.
We shall get many nuts.
We have two big bags under the seat.
John likes to hold the horse.
Stand still, Billy! Good horse!
Father and Mother will soon be here.



JOHN: Oh, Mother! Do look up
in that tree!

MOTHER: Do not be afraid, little squirrel.
Do you think we have taken
all the nuts?

JEAN: Oh, you pretty little squirrel!

JOHN: We have left some nuts
for you.

JEAN: He is looking at us, John.
See his bright, black eyes.
See his big, bushy tail.

JOHN: There, Mother! He is eating
a nut.

See how he holds the nut
in his paws.

JEAN: Oh, hear him scold!

MOTHER: The squirrel is scolding us.
He says, "Go home, John!
Go home, Jean!
Go away from here.
This is my tree.
These are my nuts.
Go home! Go home!"

FATHER: Mother! John! Jean!
Where are you?

JOHN: Father is calling us, Mother.

MOTHER: It must be time to go home.
Let us pick up our bags of nuts.
Say good-by to the squirrel.

JEAN: Good-by, little squirrel, good-by!
Now you may have all the rest
of the nuts.

CAN YOU GUESS THIS RIDDLE?

I went to the woods and got it.
As I brought it home, I looked at it.
The more I looked at it
the less I liked it.
I brought it home
because I couldn't help it.

(*A thorn.*)





JOHN: Look at those birds!

Where are they going?

JEAN: They are going south.

Winter will soon be here.

JOHN: I wish I could fly!

JEAN: Where would you go?

JOHN: I would fly to Boston to see Bob
and Betty.

JEAN: Oh, that would be fun!

JOHN: Good-by, little birds!

Come back to us again in the spring.

THE BROWN BIRDS

The brown birds are flying
Like leaves through the sky,
The flowerets are calling,
“Dear birdlings, good-by.”

The bird voices falling
So soft from the sky,
Are answering the flowerets,
“Dear playmates, good-by.”

THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is
done ;
Come again, come again, come back
to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing
the sun.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

JOHN: Mother, we have something
for you.

JEAN: Can you guess what it is?

MOTHER: You have some flowers.

JOHN: No, that is not right.
Guess again, Mother.

MOTHER: You have some red leaves.

JEAN: No, but it is something red.

JOHN: Shut your eyes, Mother.

JEAN: Now open them.

MOTHER: Red apples! Oh, thank you!

JEAN: Now tell us a story, Mother.

JOHN: Please do, Mother.

MOTHER: Very well, I will. The apples
have made me think of one.



THE SLEEPING APPLE

I

- Once there was a small, red apple.
It was high up on a tree.
One day a little girl saw the apple.
She said, "Oh, Apple, come down to me."
But the red apple was fast asleep.

II

The small, red apple did not hear her.

Soon the bright Sun came out.

The little girl said, "Oh, Sun, will
you waken the small, red apple?"

The Sun said, "I will try."

So the Sun kissed the small, red apple,
but could not waken it.

Then a bird came to the tree.

"Little Bird," said the girl, "can you
waken the small, red apple?"

"I will try," said the little bird.

He sang a sweet song, but that
did not waken the apple.

"Here comes the Wind," said
the little girl.

“Oh, Wind,” she said, “will you
waken the small, red apple?”

“I will try,” said the Wind.

He blew and he blew. He shook
and he shook the apple tree.

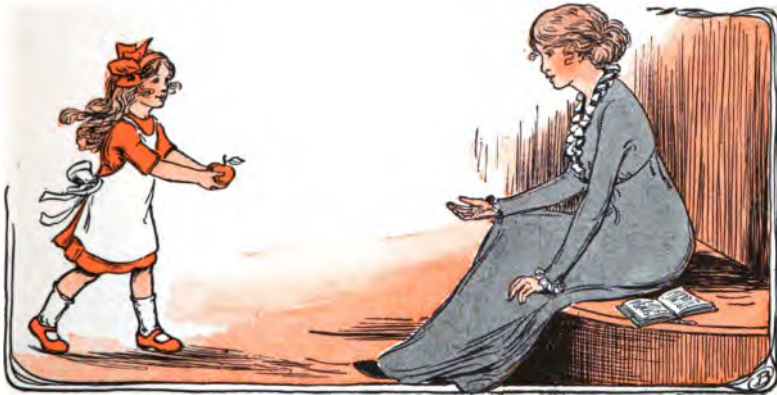
The apple fell into the little girl’s apron.

“Thank you, Wind,” said the little girl.


She took the small, red apple and
ran into the house with it.

Then what do you think she did?

She gave the apple to her mother.



See how fast the leaves come down!


 They look like little birds.

Catch them, Tyke, catch them!


 Can you catch them, kitty?

See kitty try to catch them!

This leaf is red and green.

 That leaf is red and yellow.

The leaves will cover the flowers

 and the seeds.

They will keep the seeds warm

 all winter long.





JOHN: What fun this is, Jean!

JEAN: Just see what a pile of leaves
we have raked!

JOHN: Let us rake as many as we can.
Then we can jump into the pile.

JEAN: I am going to jump now.

JOHN: Here I go. Clear the track, Jean!

JEAN: Good-by, John! I can just see
your head in the leaves.

JOHN: Now you jump, Jean.

JEAN: All right. Here I go!
How do you do, John?
Look at us now!

We are two birds and this is
our nest.

JOHN: I know what we can do, now.

JEAN: What can we do?

JOHN: We can have a bonfire.

JEAN: Oh, that will be such fun!

JOHN: Here comes Father.

Let us ask him.

JEAN: Father, may we have a bonfire?

FATHER: Yes, if you will rake fast.

Rake those dry leaves
from under the tree, Jean.

JOHN: They will make a good bonfire.

Let us rake as fast as we can.

FATHER: There, children, that will do.

Now let me light the bonfire.

Take care now! Stand away
from the fire, children.

JEAN: Oh, what a fine fire it is!

Hurrah for the bonfire!

JOHN: Hurrah for our big bonfire!



LEAVES AT PLAY

Scamper, little leaves, about
In the autumn sun;
I can hear the old wind shout,
Laughing as you run,
And I haven't any doubt
That he likes the fun.

When you've run a month or so,
Very tired you'll get;
But the same old wind, I know,
Will be laughing yet,
When he tucks you in your snow-
Downy coverlet.

So run on and have your play
Romp with all your might;
Dance across the autumn day,
While the sun is bright.
Soon you'll hear the old wind say,
"Little leaves, good night."

—FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

AUTUMN FIRES

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires,
See the smoke trail.

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



JOHN: Father, may I have a pumpkin?

FATHER: What will you do with it, John?

JOHN: I want to make a Jack-o'-lantern.

FATHER: Do you know how, John?

JOHN: Yes, Father, I think I do.

FATHER: Will you carry all those pumpkins into the barn?

JOHN: Yes, Father, I will.

FATHER: Then you may have one
for your Jack-o'-lantern.

JOHN: Oh, thank you, Father!

There were so many yellow pumpkins!
Now the pumpkins are all in the barn.
There is yellow corn in the barn, too.
Father gave me a pumpkin.
Look at it now.

How do you like
this Jack-o'-lantern?

I made it
from my pumpkin.
I made it out in the barn.
I used my new knife
to make it.



Can you make a Jack-o'-lantern?
How do you do it?
When will you make one?
What will you do with it?

CAN YOU GUESS AN AUTUMN RIDDLE?

I know a little creature
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
All around its head.



When it grows old
It is hard and
cannot feel;

So they take it to the mill
And grind it into meal.





It is the autumn time now.

Winter will soon be here.

The birds have gone far away.

Soon Jack Frost will visit all
the gardens.



It is time to put the pumpkins
in the barn.



The apples and nuts are picked.

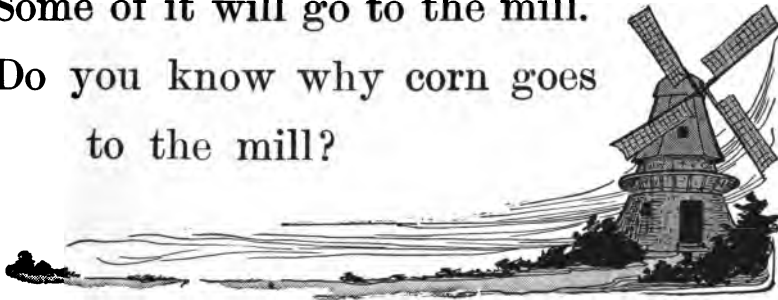
The yellow corn is in the barn.



Some corn will feed the horse.

Some of it will go to the mill.

Do you know why corn goes
to the mill?



THE LITTLE RED HEN

One day a little red hen found
some wheat.

“Who will plant this wheat?” said
the Little Red Hen.

“I will not,” said the cat.

“I will not,” said the rat.

“I will not,” said the pig.

“I will, then,” said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.

The wheat grew until it was ripe.

“Who will cut the wheat?” said
the Little Red Hen.

“I will not,” said the cat.

“I will not,” said the rat.

“I will not,” said the pig.

“I will, then,” said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.

“Who will make the bread?” said
the Little Red Hen.

“I will not,” said the cat.

“I will not,” said the rat.

“I will not,” said the pig.

“I will, then,” said the Little Red Hen.
And she did.

“Now, who will eat the bread?” said
the Little Red Hen.

“Oh, I will,” said the cat.

“Oh, I will,” said the rat.

“Oh, I will,” said the pig.

“I think not,” said the Little Red Hen.

“I will eat it myself.”

And she did.



JEAN: Where have you been, Father?

FATHER: I have been to see Grandfather.

JEAN: What did Grandfather say?

FATHER: He said, "Thanksgiving Day
will soon be here.

Please spend Thanksgiving Day
with Grandmother and me.

We want you all to come."

JEAN: Oh, John! Do you hear what
Father says?

JOHN: Yes. May we all go, Father?

FATHER: I think so, but you must ask
Mother.

JOHN: Mother! May we all go?

Please say we may go to Grand-
father's for Thanksgiving.



GOING TO GRANDFATHER'S

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood
To Grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
O'er the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

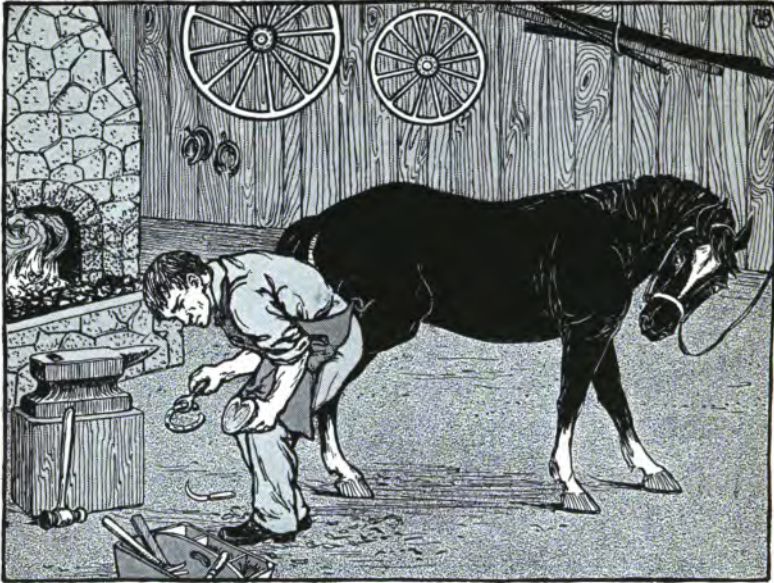
Over the river and through the wood
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
Ting-a-ling-ling!
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn yard gate!
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood;
Now Grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—LYDIA MARIA CHILD.



Cling, clang! Cling, clang!

Who is this man?

He is the blacksmith.

The horse is Billy.

The blacksmith is making
a horseshoe for Billy.

Billy's shoe is made of iron.

The blacksmith put it into the fire.

You can see the fire on the forge.
He blows the fire with his bellows.
See how the sparks fly up!

The blacksmith will take the shoe
out of the fire.

He will put the shoe on the anvil.

There is the blacksmith's anvil.

The anvil is made of iron.

Can you find the anvil by the forge?

See the blacksmith's strong hammer.

Blow, bellows! Heat, iron! Strike,
hammer!

Billy wants a new shoe.

Cling, clang! Cling, clang! Cling, clang!

The shoe will soon be made, Billy.

SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER

What does a blacksmith make?

What is a horseshoe made of?

Where does the blacksmith have
his fire?

Why does he use the bellows?

When does he use his hammer?

SOME THINGS TO DO

Draw a picture of the hammer.

Draw a picture of the anvil.

Draw a picture of a horseshoe.

Show how the blacksmith
swings his hammer.

Show how he puts the shoe on the horse.

Show how he uses the bellows.

LITTLE JACK FROST

Little Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and moon so still,
Watching the stars and moon so bright,
And laughing aloud with all his might.

Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the fall when the leaves came down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

It is cold and still, the wind is away,
And Little Jack Frost is busy to-day.
He nips my cheeks, he nips my nose,
And before I can catch him away he goes.
Jack Frost, Jack Frost, you queer little elf,
Where do you go when you hide yourself?



It is winter time now.

There are no leaves left on the trees.

Many of the birds have gone South.

The squirrels are in their nests.

There are no flowers left
in the gardens.

The flowers are all fast asleep.

Some day they will waken.

Jean says, "I wish the pretty flowers
would come back.

I like the flowers and the green trees.

I like the sweet, warm air.

I wish the birds would come again.

I want to hear them sing."

John says, "I like winter best.

I can use my sled in winter.

I can skate on the strong ice.

I like to play in the snow.

I wish that Bob were here.

He likes winter, too.

Bob and I like the cold wind.

We like to hear it blow and blow.

We like the ice and we like the snow."



Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

MOTHER: That is the door bell, Jean.

Will you please see who is there?

JEAN: Yes, Mother.

I saw the postman coming.

I think it is the postman.

I will run to the door.

MOTHER: Was it the postman, Jean?

JEAN: Yes, it was the postman, Mother.

MOTHER: What did he give you, Jean?

JEAN: He gave me this letter.

It says, "John R. White."

Oh, Mother, it must be from Bob!

MOTHER: Yes, Jean. It is from Bob.

It is from Boston

and that is Bob's writing.

JEAN: Oh, Mother! Do you think

Bob and Betty are coming

to see us?

MOTHER: I do not know. Ask John.

He will open the letter

and tell you.

JEAN: Please open your letter, John.

Tell us what Bob says.

Are they coming to see us?



JOHN: Hurrah! I think Bob and
Betty are coming.
I will read the letter to you.
It is your letter, too, Jean.

Boston, Mass.,

Dec. 15, 1916.

My dear John and Jean,

Do you want to see us? Then you may look for us at Christmas. Father, Mother, Betty and I are coming. Your mother wrote to my mother. She asked us to spend Christmas with you. That is why we are coming. Betty and I want to see you very much. I shall bring my skates. Father says my sled is too large to take. We can use your sled.

Your loving friend,

Bob.



Who are these two children?

Who are with them?

They are Bob and Betty

with their mother and father.

The two children are very happy.

They are going to see John and Jean.

They have not seen John and Jean
for more than a year.

Bob and Betty like to ride on the cars
with their mother and father.

They have come in the train
all the way from Boston.

They have been riding for two days.
You need not think they are tired.

They like to eat and sleep
in the train.

They like to look out of the window.
They like to see the trees fly by.
They like to see the fields and water.

Bob and Betty live in Boston now.

Boston is near the sea.

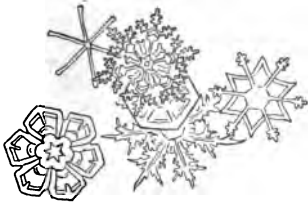
They used to live near John and Jean.

Betty says, "Oh, Bob, just think!

We shall see John and Jean to-day!"



Hurrah! Here we are again.
We are four good friends.
We are having such a good time!
Soon Christmas will be here.
There will be no school for two weeks.
We four children hope it will snow.
Can you guess why? We will tell you.
We want to play in the snow.
We want to make a snow man and
we want to play with our sled.



SNOW STARS



These are little snow stars.



Did you ever see any snow stars?

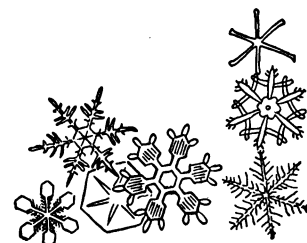
How beautiful they are!

Count the points of these stars.

How many points are there?



Every snow star has six points.





JOHN: Here is the hill, here is
the sled, and here are we!

BOB: You have a fine sled, John.
Will it hold all of us?

JOHN: Oh, yes. Get on, girls.

BETTY: What fun! Hold tight, Jean.

JEAN: I will, Betty. I am not afraid.

BOB: I will sit behind you, Betty.

Then you can not fall off.

JOHN: Are you all on, now?

ALL: Yes, John. We are all on.

JOHN: Very well. One, two, three!

Away go we!

BETTY: Down, down, down we go!

How fast we are going!

Oh, this is such fun!

BOB: Oh, there goes my cap!

Good-by, cap!

I shall get you by and by.

JOHN: Three cheers for the snow!

Three cheers for my sled!

Three cheers for us!

ALL: Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

CHRISTMAS MORNING

It is Christmas morning.

What do you think the children
are doing?

Last week Jean said: "Christmas
is coming.

I want to make something for Father
and Mother."

Bob and Betty and John said:
"So do I. So do I."

John and Jean made two pretty mats.
They made them, over one, under one,
over one, under one.

Then they made the mats into boxes.
You can see the boxes in the picture.



Bob and Betty made pretty baskets.
They made them of reeds, like those
in the picture.
The children put nuts into the baskets
and boxes.
Now they are all singing
a merry Christmas song.
They are singing, "Ring, ring,
happy bells."
Soon they will go in to see the tree.
The children have made gifts for all.
Do you think the children are happy?

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies,
Let only loving looks
Beam from our eyes.

SNOWFLAKES

Merry little snowflakes
Dancing through the street,
Flying in our faces
Falling at our feet.

Joyous little snowflakes,
Winter's wild, white bees,
Covering all the flowers
Dusting all the trees.

Merry little snowflakes
Dancing through the street,
Flying in our faces
Falling at our feet.



BOB: I know a good game to play.

JEAN: What game is it, Bob?

BOB: Let me tell you. I shall say,
“I met a girl with a basket.”
You must say, “What had she
in it?”

Then I shall say, “Something
that begins with C.”

Then you must guess what it is.

JOHN: Oh, let us play that game!

You begin, Bob.

BOB: I met a little girl with a basket.

ALL: What had she in it?

BOB: Something that begins with C.

JOHN: Was it cake?

BOB: No. That is not right.

JEAN: Was it candy, Bob?

BOB: No. Guess again.

BETTY: Was it corn?

BOB: Yes, it was corn.

Give us some pop corn, Betty.

BETTY: Here is pop corn for all of us.

It is good and hot.

Take as much as you want.

JOHN: Now, please tell us a story, Jean.



THE THREE BEARS

I

Once upon a time there was a little girl.

Her name was Golden Locks.

One day little Golden Locks went
into the woods.

She came to a little house.

This house was the home of three bears.

There was a big bear.

There was a middle-sized bear.

There was a little bear.

Now these three bears were not
at home.

But they had left the door open.

So Golden Locks went into their house.

II

Golden Locks saw three bowls
on the table.

There was soup in these bowls.

There was a big bowl of soup
for the big bear.

There was a middle-sized bowl
for the middle-sized bear.

And there was a little bowl
for the little bear.

Golden Locks tasted the soup
in the big bowl.
It was too hot.
She tasted the soup
in the middle-sized bowl.
But that was too cold.
Then she tasted the soup
in the little bowl.
And that was just right.



So she tasted and tasted
until it was all gone.

III

Then Golden Locks saw three chairs.
There was a big chair
for the big bear.

There was a middle-sized chair
for the middle-sized bear.

And there was a little chair
for the little bear.

Golden Locks sat in the big chair.
But it was too hard.

She sat in the middle-sized chair.
But that was too soft.

Then she sat in the little chair.
That was just right, until, "Crash!"

The little chair broke, and
down fell Golden Locks.

IV

Then Golden Locks saw three beds.

There was a big bed
for the big bear.

There was a middle-sized bed
for the middle-sized bear.

And there was a little bed
for the little bear.

Golden Locks lay down on the big bed.
It was too hard.

She lay down on the middle-sized bed.
That was too soft.

Then she lay down on the little bed,
and that was just right.

So Golden Locks fell fast asleep.



V

Soon the three bears came home.
The big bear said in his big voice,
“SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING
MY SOUP!”

The middle-sized bear said
in her middle-sized voice,
“SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY SOUP!”

And the little bear said
in his little voice,

“SOME ONE HAS BEEN TASTING MY SOUP! I HAVE
NO SOUP LEFT!”

VI

Then the three bears saw their chairs.
The big bear said in his big voice,

“SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING
IN MY CHAIR!”

The middle-sized bear said
in her middle-sized voice,

“SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING
IN MY CHAIR!”

And the little bear said
in his little voice,

“SOME ONE HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND
HAS BROKEN IT!”

VII

Then the three bears looked
at their beds.

The big bear said in his big voice,
"SOME ONE HAS BEEN LYING
IN MY BED!"

The middle-sized bear said
in her middle-sized voice,
"SOME ONE HAS BEEN LYING
IN MY BED!"

And the little bear said
in his little voice,

"SOME ONE HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!
AND HERE SHE IS!"

VIII

Just then Golden Locks heard
the voices of the bears.

She opened her eyes and sat up in bed.
There were the three bears!

She jumped out of bed as fast
as she could.

How she did run out of that house!
She ran on and on, until she came
to her own home.

And the three bears never saw
Golden Locks again.



SOME THINGS TO ANSWER

Which bear had a big bowl?

Which bear had a middle-sized bowl?

Which bear had a little bowl?

Which bear had a soft chair?

Which one had a hard chair?

Which chair was just right?

Which bear had a little voice?

Which one had a middle-sized voice?

Which bear had a big voice?

What did the little bear say

when he saw Golden Locks?

What did Golden Locks do?

Where did she go?

SPRING IS COMING

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birdies, build your nest;
Weave together straw and feather,
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Flowers are coming, too:
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,
All around is fair;
Shimmer and quiver on the river,
Joy is everywhere.

SOME STORIES AND POEMS

Bob and Betty have gone home now.

John and Jean are in school again.

They can read in many books.

Now they are reading stories
about the springtime.

They like to read about the birds
and the flowers.

They like to read all kinds of stories.

They can read these stories now:

“The Sleeping Apple.”

“The Little Red Hen.”

“The Three Bears.”

“The Three Butterflies.”

“The Goats in the Hayfield.”

Which of these stories have you read?

**John and Jean can read these stories,
too:**

“The Wind and the Sun.”

“The Gingerbread Boy.”

“The Crow and the Pitcher.”

“The Kind Old Oak.”

**You will read all of these stories
in this book.**

John and Jean can say these poems:

“The Swallow.”

“Leaves at Play.”

“Autumn Fires.”

“Snowflakes.”

“Spring is Coming.”

“Boats Sail on the Rivers.”

“The Wind.”

“The Plant.”

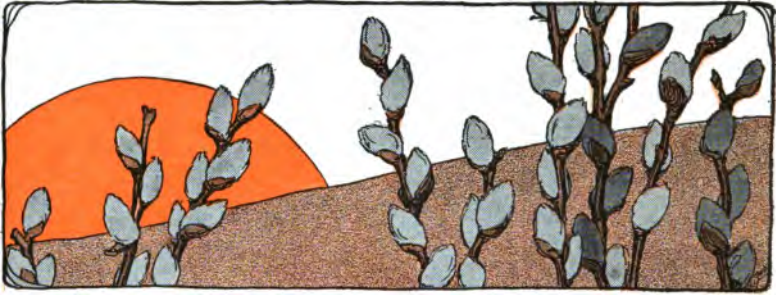
Which of these poems can you say?
You can learn them all from this book.
Here is one of them:

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky
Is prettier far than these.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



THE BRIGHT SUN

Come, little flowers,
from under the ground!

Come, little leaf-buds!

Wake up! Wake up!

Come, pussy willow!

It is time for you, too.

Come, little moth!

You have had a long sleep.

Come, pretty birds!

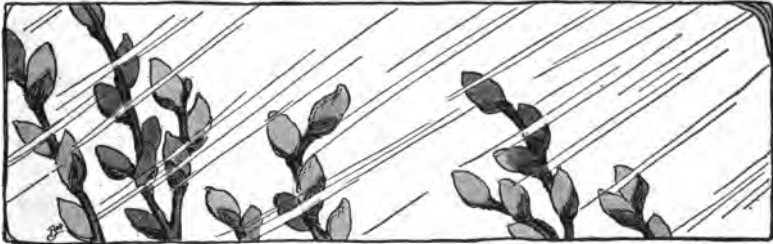
It is time to fly back.

I am calling to all of you.

Come! Wake up! Come!

THE RAIN

Tap, tap! Do you know who I am?
Are you glad to see me?
I am the spring rain.
I have come to give you a drink.
Here is a drink, pussy willow.
Little flowers under the ground,
 here is a drink for you.
Green grass, where are you?
Did you not hear the sun calling?
I am calling you, too.
Do you not hear me? Tap, tap, tap!





MARCH WIND

The March wind
blows.

It blows the leaves
from the ground.

It blows the clothes
on the line.

They will soon be dry.

The wind turns
the big windmills.

There goes a boy's hat.

See the boy run!

See the fine kite!

The little girl is
holding the string.

March wind takes the
kite up in the air.

Blow, March wind!

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high,
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call;
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field or tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

PUSSY WILLOW

Good morning, boys and girls.
I have come back to you again.
The sun and the rain wakened me.
They said, "Come, Pussy Willow!
It is time to get up."
So here I am, boys and girls.

The spring rain gave me a drink.
The spring sun made me warm.
But the March wind is cold.
That is why I still wear my fur coat.
There is my good friend Robin.
I hear him singing in the tall tree.
He sings, "Cheer up! Cheer up!
It is spring! It is spring!"
Robin and I are glad that spring is here.
Are you glad, too, boys and girls?

THE PLANT

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake,” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light.”
“Wake,” said the voice
Of the raindrop bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see,
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

KATE LOUISE BROWN.



THE SCHOOL GARDEN

This is the school garden.

These children are planting seeds.

Each boy and girl will plant some.

At first the ground was very hard.

The children made it soft.

Do you know how they did it?

They used their rakes and spades.

Now they are planting flower seeds.

They are planting vegetable seeds, too.

What do you think they will do
with the flowers and vegetables?

Did you ever see a school garden?

Did you ever make a garden?

How did you do it?

What did you plant in your garden?



THE THREE BUTTERFLIES

I

Once there were three butterflies.
One was white, one red, and one yellow.
One day these three butterflies
flew far away.

Soon they saw a black cloud in the sky.

“What shall we do?” said one.

“It will rain, and we shall get wet.”

“There is a bed of red tulips,”
said White Butterfly. “Let us ask
them to take us into their cups
until the rain is over. You ask
the red tulips, Red Butterfly.
Your dress is the color of theirs.”

So the three butterflies flew
to the red tulips.

“Red Tulips,” said Red Butterfly,
“will you take us into your cups
until the rain is over?”

“Yes,” said the red tulips, “but we
can not take your sisters.

Their dresses are not like ours.”

“Then I shall not stay,”
said Red Butterfly.

So the three butterflies flew on.

II

“There is a bed of white tulips,”
said Red Butterfly. “Let us ask
them to take us into their cups
until the rain is over. White
Butterfly, you ask the white tulips.
Your dress is the color of theirs.”

So the three butterflies flew
to the white tulips.

“White Tulips,” said White Butterfly,
“will you take us into your cups
until the rain is over?”

“Yes,” said the white tulips, “but we
can not take your sisters.

Their dresses are not like ours.”

“Then I shall not stay,”
said White Butterfly.

So the three butterflies flew on.

III

"There is a bed of yellow tulips,"
said White Butterfly. "Let us ask
them to take us. Yellow Butterfly,
you ask the yellow tulips.

Your dress is the color of theirs."
So they flew to the yellow tulips.

"Yellow Tulips," said Yellow Butterfly,
"will you take us into your cups
until the rain is over?"

"Yes," said the yellow tulips," but we
can not take your sisters.

Their dresses are not like ours."

"Then I shall not stay,"
said Yellow Butterfly.

So the three butterflies flew on,
but they did not know what to do.

IV

“How black the cloud looks! What shall we do?” said Yellow Butterfly.

“The tulips will not take us in.”

“Look! There is an old Oak Tree,” said White Butterfly. “Let us see what he will do for us.”

So they flew to the old Oak Tree.

“Oak Tree,” said Red Butterfly,

“will you take us three butterflies under your branches until the rain is over?”

“Yes, children,” said the old Oak Tree.

“Come right in. That is what I am here for.”

Then the three butterflies flew under a branch of the old Oak Tree.

Soon White Butterfly peeped out.
There was not one cloud in the sky.
It was all blue and the sun was bright.

“Look, sisters!” said White Butterfly.

“The black cloud is gone and the sun
is shining brightly.”

“Then let us all fly home,”
said Red Butterfly.

“Thank you, kind old Oak Tree,”
said the three butterflies,
“thank you and good-by.”

“Good-by, and come to see me again,”
said the old Oak Tree.

And away flew the butterflies as fast
as their wings could carry them.



THE GOATS IN THE HAYFIELD

I

One day a boy was driving home
his goats.

The goats ran into a hayfield,
and the boy ran after them.

He ran after the goats as fast as he
could. But the goats would not
go out of the hayfield.

The poor boy did not know what to do.

“Let me try to get them out,”

said his dog.

“Very well,” said the boy, “you try.”

So the dog chased the goats around
and around the field.

“Bow-wow! Go out!” he said.

But the dog could not get the goats
out of the hayfield.

“Let me try to get them out,”

said a horse.

“Very well,” said the boy, “you try.”

Trot-trot, trot-trot, went the horse
around the field.

He chased the goats here,
and he chased them there.

But the horse could not get the goats
out of the hayfield.



II

“May I try to get them out?” said a bee.

“What can you do?” said the boy.

“You are too small,” said the dog.

“If we can not do it, you can not,”
said the horse.

“You will see,” said the bee.

“Well,” said the boy, “you may try.”

Away flew the bee after the goats.

It flew close to each one.

"Buzz-zzz-zz!" said the bee.

"What do you want?" said the goats.

"Tell us at once and go away!"

"Buzz!" said the little bee. "Run out of this field or I will sting you!"

"Oh, we will run out!" said the goats. And they ran out of the field.

The boy saw the goats coming.

He opened his eyes very wide.

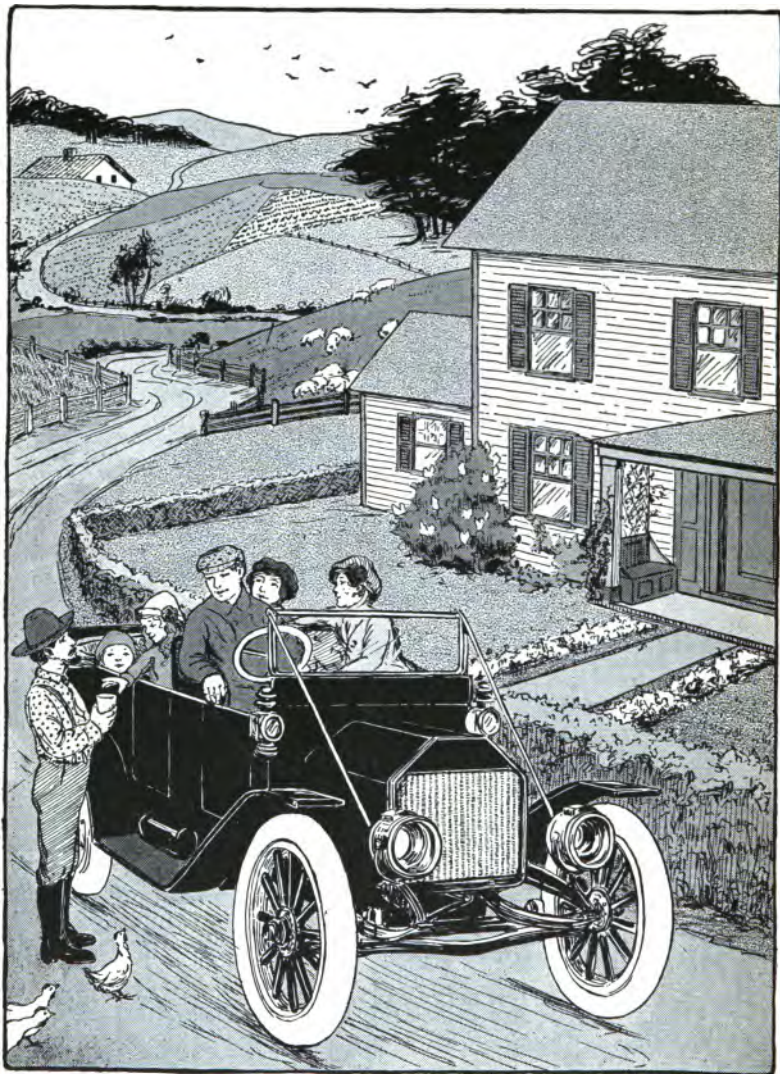
"I thank you, little bee," he said.

"You did more than I could do."

"You did more than I could do," said the dog.

"And more than I," said the horse.

"Buzz-zz!" said the bee, as he flew away. "They thought me too small. Buzz! Size does not always count."



AN AUTOMOBILE RIDE

See this automobile.

It holds five people.

These people have come a long way.

Now they are tired and dusty.

Their home is in the city.

That is why they like to ride
in the country.

They come to get the fine, fresh air.

They come to see the woods
and the green hills.

They ride by many large farms.

They see the sheep in the meadows.

They look at the corn and
the wheat fields.

Sometimes they pass beautiful gardens.

Sometimes they stop at a farmhouse
and talk with the farmer.

The farmer tells these city people
about his garden, his corn,
and his wheat.

They tell him about their city.

The children always like to stop
at a farmhouse.

Sometimes the farmer lets them feed
the chickens.

Sometimes he gives the children good,
fresh milk.

When it is time to go home,

Father makes the automobile go fast.
It spins over the smooth roads and
takes the children back to the city.
Honk, honk! Clear the track!



SOME THINGS TO ANSWER

Who was driving the goats?

Where did the goats run?

What did the boy do?

What did the dog do?

What did the horse do?

Who chased the goats out
of the field?

How did the bee get them out?

What did the dog and the horse say
to the bee?

What did the bee say?

Why do children from the city like
to ride into the country?

What do they see in the meadows
and fields?

What does the farmer talk about?



THE MARKET

I

“Fresh fruit! Fresh vegetables!

This way, please! Fresh butter?

Fresh eggs?”

Hear the market man!

This is the market place.
The market man has many things
to sell to-day.
The farmer came from the country
this morning.
He brought to the market man apples
and potatoes.
He brought lettuce, corn, and celery.
He brought radishes, butter, and eggs.
The market man will sell these
good things to the city people.

II

The people come with baskets.
Some of these people walk
to the market place. Some come
in street cars, some in carriages,
and some in automobiles.



Some people do not come
to market at all.

They telephone
to the market man
and tell him what
they want.

Then the market man
sends the things to them
in his wagon.

Mary Allan is telephoning
to the market.

“Give me two four, please,” she says.

“Hello! Is this the market?”

I am Mary Allan.

Mother wants one dozen eggs and
two pounds of butter.

Have you good
cooking apples?
Very well. She will take
one peck.

Yes. One peck.
Have you any potatoes
this morning?

Oh, no! White potatoes.
Please send us a peck of potatoes.
I think that is all to-day.

No, we do not need celery or radishes.
No, we have lettuce and corn,
thank you.

Can you send these things
right away?

That is good, for Mother needs them.
Thank you. Good-by!"



THE WIND AND THE SUN

I

“I am strong! I am strong!”

roared the Wind.

“I am strong, too,” said a sweet,
gentle voice.

“Who is that?” said the Wind.

“It is I, the Sun,” said the same
sweet, gentle voice.

“So you think that you are strong!”
said the Wind.

“Can you blow the leaves high
into the air?

Can you pile up great waves on the sea
and drive them before you?

Can you turn windmills?

Can you make the trees bow down
before you?”

“I can not do
all that, but
I am strong,”
said the Sun.

“Look! Here
comes a man.
Let us see
which of us

can make that man take off his coat.”



“That is easy,” roared the Wind.

So the Wind flew at the man.

He pulled and he tugged. He tugged
and he pulled at the man's coat.

“How cold it is growing!”

said the man, as he buttoned
his coat more tightly around him.

Again the Wind blew and blew.

He pulled and he tugged.

He tugged and he pulled

at the man's coat.

"How very cold it is!" said the man,

and he held his coat more and more

tightly about him.

So the Wind had to give up.

II

"Now it is my turn to try,"

said the Sun.

Then the Sun began to shine

more brightly.

It grew warmer and warmer,

but the sun kept on shining.

"How warm it is growing!"

said the man, as he unbuttoned

his coat.

It grew warmer
and still warmer.
But the Sun only
shone the more
brightly.

“How *very* warm it is!”
said the man.

Then he took off his coat
and went his way.

The Wind went
his way, too.

But the Sun kept on
shining brightly.



THE GINGERBREAD BOY

I

There were once a little old woman
and a little old man.

They lived in a little old house.

It was a little brown house
near a wood.

One morning the little old woman
was baking gingerbread.

She said to the little old man,

“I shall cut out a Gingerbread Boy.”

And so she did. She cut out a head,
two arms, and two legs.

She gave the Gingerbread Boy eyes,
a nose, and a mouth.

Then the little old woman put him
into the oven to bake.



After a while, the little old woman
went to her oven to look
at the Gingerbread Boy.
Hop! Skip! Out he jumped!
And away ran the Gingerbread Boy
as fast as his legs could go.
And after him ran the little old woman
and the little old man, to catch
the Gingerbread Boy.

The Gingerbread Boy ran on and on.

As he ran, he looked back

at the little old woman and

the little old man, and called:

“Run, run, as fast as you can,

You can’t catch me,

I’m the Gingerbread Man.”

And they *couldn’t* catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy came

to a mooley cow.

“Stop, stop, Gingerbread Boy,

I want you!” said the mooley cow.

But the Gingerbread Boy said:

“I have run away from

A little old woman, and

A little old man,

And I can run away from you.

I can, I can.”

Then the Gingerbread Boy ran on.
As he ran, he looked back, and called:
 “Run, run, as fast as you can,
 You can’t catch me,
 I’m the Gingerbread Man.”
And they *couldn’t* catch him.

II

Soon the Gingerbread Boy came
 to an old gray horse.
“Stop, stop, Gingerbread Boy,
 I want you!” said the old gray horse.
But the Gingerbread Boy said:
 “I have run away from
 A little old woman,
 A little old man, and
 A mooley cow,
 And I can run away from you.
 I can, I can.”

Then he ran on and, as he ran, he looked
back and called:

“Run, run, as fast as you can,
You can’t catch me,
I’m the Gingerbread Man.”

And they *couldn’t* catch him.

By and by the Gingerbread Boy came
to a fox, sitting on the bank
of a river.

The fox did not speak,
so the Gingerbread Boy did.

He said, “I have run away from

A little old woman,
A little old man,
A mooley cow, and
An old gray horse,
And I can run away from you.



I can, I can.”
“Let me take you
across the river,” said the fox.
“I can swim. Jump high up
on my nose.”
Up jumped the Gingerbread Boy.
Snap! Snap! went the fox.
And that was the end
of the Gingerbread Boy.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

I

“Caw, caw, caw!” said a black crow.

“I am very thirsty.”

Just then he saw a pitcher of water.

The pitcher was standing in a window.

“Now I can have a drink,”

said the crow. “How thirsty I am!”

He flew to the pitcher in the window.

He put his bill down, down,

into the pitcher as far as he could.

But he could not reach the water.

“What shall I do?” he said.

Now, a crow is a very wise bird.

He sat there winking and blinking,

blinking and winking.

“I am only growing still more thirsty,”

he said. Then he flew away.



II

Soon the crow came back
with a pebble in his bill.
He dropped the pebble into the water.
He flew away many, many times.
Each time, he came back
with a pebble.
Each time, he dropped the pebble
into the water in the pitcher.
Now, what do you think happened
to the water?

As each pebble was dropped
 into the pitcher, the water rose
 a little higher and a little higher.
But it took many, many pebbles to
 make the water rise high.

The crow grew more and more thirsty.
At last the crow put his bill down
 into the pitcher again.

There was the water, within his reach!
“Good!” said the crow. “Now I can
 have a drink.”

He took a good drink and flew away.

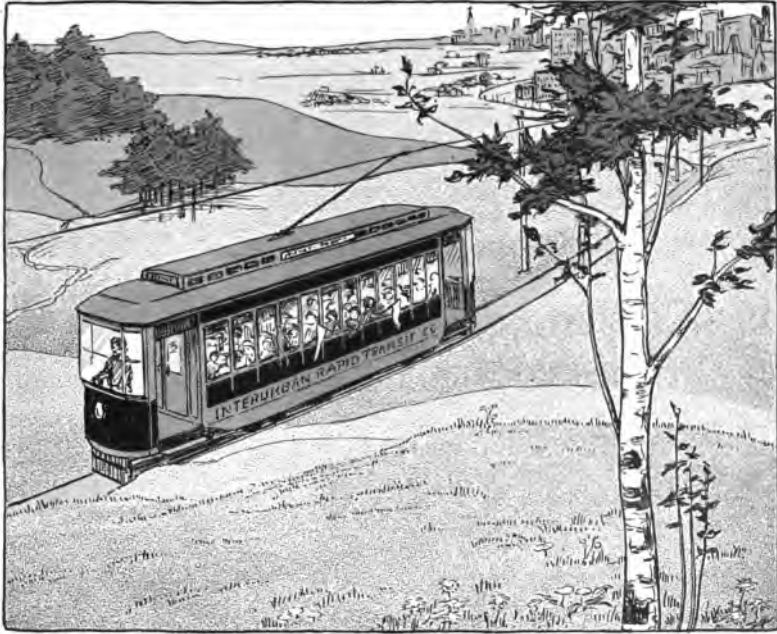
“Caw, caw! Caw, caw!” was his cry.

 “A very wise bird am I.

You can be wise, you know,

 If you’ll let your wit grow.

Caw, caw! Caw, caw! Just try.”



THE PICNIC IN THE PARK

I

Clang, clang! This is the trolley car.
There is the trolley wire and there
is the trolley.

The motorman is in the front
of the car.

The motorman drives the trolley car.
He must be very careful, for the car
is filled with children.

The conductor stands at the back
of the car.

Each child will give the conductor
five cents. It costs five cents to ride.
The children are going to the park.
They are going for a picnic and
will stay all day.

Some of the mothers are going
to the picnic, too.

At five o'clock the trolley car
will come to take them all home.
The motorman will ring his bell,
"Clang, clang! Come, come!
It is time to go home!"

The car will carry them home to supper.



II

The children have been in the park
all day.

They have run up and down the hills.
They have rolled in the grass and
have played games.

They have had a fine picnic dinner
under the trees.

Some of the children are having
a fine boat ride.

They are riding in a motor boat
which can go very fast.

All the children have had a boat ride.
The others had their turn before.

The children like to watch the water.
They like to watch the ducks.

The ducks swim close to the boat.

The children like to watch the man
make the boat go.

The man who makes the boat go is
the captain of the motor boat, and
a very careful captain he is, too.

Soon he must take the children back
to the bank, for it is
almost five o'clock.

It is almost time for the trolley car
to come for them.

They will get home in time for supper.

Then it will be bedtime
for sleepy children.





THE KIND OLD OAK

I

It was almost time
for winter to come.
Many of the trees had lost
their leaves.
Near an old Oak Tree
some little, blue violets
were again in blossom.
“Dear old Oak,”
they said,
“winter is coming.
We are afraid
of the cold.”

“Do not be afraid,” said the kind,
old Oak. “Go to sleep.

I will take care of you.”

So the little, blue violets went
to sleep.

Then the kind, old Oak softly dropped
a brown leaf upon them.

Down came another, another, and
another.

Soon the violets were all covered over.

They were covered snug and warm.

And there they slept all winter.

II

One day the spring rain came
with its “Tap, tap, tap.”

The warm spring sun called softly
to the little, blue violets.

The birds sang sweet songs to them.
The merry spring wind carried off
their leaf cover.

Again the little violets opened
their blue, blue eyes.

There was the blue sky, and there
was the bright sun.

There were the birds, and there was
the kind, old Oak!

Spring had come again.

III

Soon the violets were wide awake.
One morning a little girl went by.
Her eyes were as blue as the violets.
Her face was as bright
as the spring sunshine.
And she was singing a song.

As the little girl danced along,
she sang:

“The year’s at the spring,
All’s right with the world.”

The sky grew bluer, and the sun
shone more brightly.

The birds sang more sweetly, and
the violets nodded.

And the kind, old Oak said:

“The year’s at the spring,
All’s right with the world!”

WORD LIST

The vocabulary of this First Reader is arranged according to the following plan:

1. *Drill Words*. There are 293 words for drill. These are common words which the children will meet over and over in the Kendall and other books. They provide a valuable working vocabulary for the beginner. Give thorough drill on these words. They should be placed on word cards (such as are described in the *Manual*) and carefully taught to all the children. The average number of drill words is less than two and one-half per page.

2. *Sight Words*. The 92 words in italics are (1) those which occur but once or in one story, and can be guessed from context or picture, and (2) phonetic words which have been developed in the phonetic work of the first half-year; these should be recognized at sight, but suggestions for added drill upon them are made in the *Manual*.

2. who
brother
sister

5. kitty
milk

7. about
gone
Boston
day

3. answer
best

6. soft
warm
fur
round

8. *bat*
marbles
bag
tin

4. Tyke
sit

purr
pussy

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 9. train
car | scissors
hard
<i>off</i> | 26. those
south
winter
<i>wish</i>
could
would
<i>back</i>
spring |
| 10. hoop
<i>rope</i> | soon
done | |
| 11. these
blocks
put
by
chair | 18. swing
under | |
| | 19. strong
tight | 27. brown
leaves
through
flowerets
dear
voices
playmates
over
swallow
summer
bring |
| 12. letter
other | 20. Billy
fall
ever | |
| 13. <i>catch</i> | 21. woods
autumn
<i>ripe</i>
many
still | |
| 14. <i>bells</i>

<i>tinkle</i> | | |
| 15. spell | 23. afraid
<i>bushy</i>
<i>tail</i>
eat
<i>paws</i>
scold | 28. them
story
please
<i>well</i> |
| 16. sewing
dress
<i>cut</i>
out | | |
| 17. needle
thimble
work
pair | 24. <i>pick</i>
rest | 29. once
small
said |

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 30. <i>came</i>
<i>kissed</i>
sang
song | 38. <i>pumpkin</i>
<i>Jack-o'-lantern</i>
carry | 48. <i>cling clang</i>
<i>blacksmith</i>
shoe
iron |
| 31. blew
shook
<i>fell</i>
apron
took
<i>ran</i> | 39. <i>knife</i>
corn | 49. <i>forge</i>
bellows
<i>sparks</i>
anvil
hammer
strike
heat |
| 32. yellow
cover
seeds
long | 41. <i>Jack Frost</i>
visit
gardens
feed
<i>mill</i>
why | 50. remember
draw
picture
show |
| 33. <i>pile</i>
clear
track
head | 42. found
<i>wheat</i>
plant
<i>rat</i>
<i>pig</i>
grew
until | 53. air
sled
skate
ice
cold |
| 34. <i>bonfire</i>
ask
dry | 43. bread
myself | 54. door
<i>postman</i> |
| 35. light
<i>care</i>
<i>fire</i> | 44. been
Grandfather
<i>Thanksgiving</i>
spend | 57. wrote
<i>much</i>
large |

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|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 58. happy | <i>ring</i> | table |
| | <i>while</i> | soup |
| 59. way | <i>shine</i> | |
| need | beam | 72. tasted |
| tired | | |
| window | 67. snowflakes | 73. <i>sat</i> |
| fields | dancing | crash |
| water | street | |
| near | faces | 74. broke |
| | feet | lay |
| 60. weeks | joyous | |
| <i>hope</i> | wild | 77. lying |
| | dusting | heard |
| 61. stars | | |
| beautiful | 68. <i>net</i> | 78. own |
| <i>points</i> | <i>had</i> | never |
| every | begins | |
| | | 79. <i>which</i> |
| 62. <i>hill</i> | | |
| | 69. <i>cake</i> | 81. poems |
| 63. behind | candy | kinds |
| <i>cap</i> | pop corn | butterflies |
| cheers | <i>hot</i> | goats |
| | | hay |
| 64. <i>mats</i> | 70. bears | 82. gingerbread |
| over | Golden Locks | crow |
| | went | pitcher |
| 66. basket | | oak |
| reeds | 71. middle-sized | boats |
| gifts | bowls | rivers |

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|--|--|---|
| 84. ground
buds
willow
moth | 96. <i>branches</i> | 104. chickens
spins
smooth
roads
honk |
| 85. <i>tap</i>
rain
drink
grass | 97. <i>wings</i> | |
| | 98. after | |
| | 99. poor
chased
around
trot-trot | 106. <i>market</i>
fruit
butter |
| 86. March
<i>line</i>
turns
<i>hat</i>
<i>kite</i>
string | | 107. place
brought
potatoes
lettuce
celery
radishes
carriages |
| 88. wear
coat
Robin | 100. <i>close</i> | |
| | 101. sting
<i>wide</i>
thought
<i>size</i>
always | |
| 91. each
spade
vegetable | 103. <i>an</i>
<i>automobile</i>
people
country
fresh
farms
sheep
meadows
pass
stop
talk | 108. <i>telephone</i>
sends
wagon
Mary Allan
dozen
pounds |
| 92. flew
cloud
<i>wet</i> | | 109. cooking
<i>peck</i> |
| 93. <i>tulips</i>
<i>cup</i>
color
stay | | 110. roared
gentle |

- | | | | |
|-------------------|----------------|--------------|------------------|
| | <i>same</i> | 118. fox | <i>motorman</i> |
| | <i>great</i> | bank | front |
| | <i>waves</i> | speak | |
| | <i>drive</i> | | 124. careful |
| | <i>before</i> | 119. across | filled |
| | | swim | <i>conductor</i> |
| 111. <i>easy</i> | | snap | costs |
| pulled | | end | o'clock |
| tugged | | | supper |
| <i>buttoned</i> | 120. caw | | |
| | <i>thirsty</i> | | 125. dinner |
| 112. held | <i>bill</i> | | |
| <i>unbuttoned</i> | reach | 126. watch | |
| kept | wise | <i>ducks</i> | |
| | winking | captain | |
| 113. <i>shone</i> | blinking | | |
| | | 128. almost | |
| 114. woman | 121. pebble | lost | |
| <i>bake</i> | happened | violets | |
| arms | | blossom | |
| <i>legs</i> | 122. rose | | |
| nose | rise | 129. snug | |
| mouth | cry | | |
| <i>oven</i> | <i>wit</i> | 130. awake | |
| | | | |
| 115. <i>hop</i> | 123. picnic | 131. along | |
| skip | park | world | |
| | <i>trolley</i> | bluer | |
| 116. mooley | <i>wire</i> | nodded | |



